

VOLUME XIII. No. 15

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

JANUARY 7, 1923



### Coasting

THE sky is gray,  
And the hills are bare;  
There's a bark in the wind  
And a bite in the air;

And now and then,  
Over field and town,  
A little light flake  
Comes fluttering down.

Fall, flakes, fall!  
Then hip, hooray,  
One-two-all—  
We are off and away!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

We get out our sleds,  
The red and the blue,  
The yellow and green—  
All tried and true.

We polish the runners,  
And choose a place,  
A long, steep hill  
For a long, swift race.

### Nancy May Makes a Discovery

BY BAYARD DANIEL YORK

NANCY May Hammond folded her napkin with a stiff-fingered precision which suggested mutiny.

"I don't want to go," she said;—"and I don't see why I have to."

"I should think you would enjoy the trip and the visit at your great-uncle's," Mrs. Hammond responded. "Anyway—"

She smiled a bit.

"—A golden-wedding anniversary doesn't come around very often," she finished.

Nancy May rose from the luncheon table and walked slowly upstairs to her room.

"We've been hard at work for two months, getting ready for this bazaar and entertainment," she murmured. "And now, just at this time of all times, Uncle Horace has a golden-wedding anniversary—and I'll have to miss all the fun the girls have planned. Sometimes I think fathers and mothers don't care very much whether young people ever have a good time or not!"

The minutes dragged. Mr. Hammond had planned to start at two o'clock; but it was past three when he reached home.

"Had to discharge two more girls at the store—for carelessness and incompetence," he said. "If only the clerks would realize what a gold-mine of appreciation and advancement is waiting for

any of them who are earnest and capable, they and I would be much happier."

He helped Mrs. Hammond and Nancy May into the automobile and fastened the curtains.

"Tuck yourselves in tightly," he advised. "The air is sharp today, and we have a ride of nearly a hundred miles before us."

Nancy May might have noticed that the world was darkening ominously, but her thoughts were not on the clouds or the bitter north wind. She was picturing Ada and Jennie and Dorothy and the other girls, excited and happy in their preparations for the evening.

Presently the fury of the wind increased and the storm began. The snow fell in large moist flakes. By five o'clock night had fallen, and the car was making its way along the hilly road with difficulty.

At length Mr. Hammond turned around.

"Keep a look-out for a house," he said. "I'm afraid I'm on the wrong road."

The hills became steeper. Twice Mr. Hammond had trouble in making the top of an unusually sharp incline. Just as Nancy May was about ready to decide that no such thing as a house existed in this part of the country, a faint glimmer of light shone through the whirling snow.

Mr. Hammond went to the door and talked for a rather long time with the man who answered his knock. Then he came slowly back to the car.

"We may as well make the best of it," he said. "I missed a turn somewhere—we are miles off our road and the storm is growing worse. I think we'd better spend the night here."

"And I've missed the girls' bazaar all for nothing!" Nancy May cried.

It was only when supper was over, more than an hour later, that the edge began to wear from Nancy May's disappointment. The family into which she had been thrust was a peculiar one. It consisted of three persons, Mr. and Mrs. Gillette and a girl Arline who seemed about Nancy May's own age. Arline, it transpired, was not their daughter but a somewhat distant cousin whose parents were dead.

"And they treat her like a servant," Nancy May thought.

It was not the mere fact that Arline was repeatedly told to do things that brought Nancy May to this decision—there was a sharpness in the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Gillette spoke to the



girl which she found hard to understand.

Supper over, everyone except Arline moved into the living-room. Nancy May listened. Above the roar of the storm she could hear Arline moving about in the kitchen. She suggested that she would like to help her; but this met with no response—and presently she arose and walked quietly out into the kitchen.

"I'll wipe them," she suggested.

"Oh, no—no!" Arline cried. Then she added, somewhat shyly, "but I'd like you to sit down and talk with me if you care to—there's something I would like to ask you."

Nancy May picked up a wiper.

"Seems as if I'd been sitting down for a hundred years," she remarked. "Now I'm ready to talk."

Arline looked toward the door as if to make sure that it was tightly closed.

"You come from the city," she said, her attention apparently upon the dishes. "I've been there only once—three years ago. Since then I've dreamed about it and thought about it and read about it. It—it seems so wonderful somehow. Sometimes I've thought I would run away to the city."

"Oh, don't do that," Nancy May exclaimed. Then she added, "I suppose Mr. and Mrs. Gillette want you to stay here with them."

"No!" Arline cried. "They don't want me here—I disturb them. You see, they never had any children; and they have learned to live just so—and I upset things every now and then."

"I should think they'd be glad to have you with them," Nancy May said. "They'd be happier if they weren't so selfish."

The other girl straightened from the dishes now.

"Do you think so?" she asked. "I've been told that people in the city are cold and selfish and think only of themselves—but I don't believe it."

"Some of them are that way," Nancy May said slowly. "But they are not happy. I believe we can't be truly happy unless we are trying to help others be happy."

"I think," said Arline slowly: "that God made people that way, don't you?"

But Nancy May's thoughts were too busy to answer that question just then.

"If you could come to the city and go to high school with me, it would be fine," she said.

Arline smiled.

"How old do you think I am?" she asked.

"Why—about fourteen," said Nancy May, naming her own age.

The other girl shook her head.

"I'm nineteen," she said. "I've been to high school. Don't you suppose—there was a wistful edge to her voice now—"that I could find a job somewhere in the big city? It seems as if there might be a place for me—a little place, at least."

And then Nancy May's thoughts began

to run away with themselves—for she recalled her father's words about the girls in the store.

"You would be earnest and capable, wouldn't you?" she asked seriously, not realizing that her words sounded somewhat strange. "You would work hard?"

But apparently these questions did not impress Arline as being at all strange. She nodded violently.

"Oh, I would—I would," she exclaimed.

Nancy May dropped the dish-wiper.

"You just come right in and talk to my father," she said.

During the hour that followed, the idea kept coming to Nancy May with new force that there is a lot of good that can be done in this world if only the right people can be brought together in the right way. Here was her father growing gray before he ought to because so many of the girls at the store were careless and frivolous. And here was a serious, earnest girl who was just longing with her whole soul for an opportunity such as those other girls were throwing away!

It was Arline who summed it up the next morning as the two girls stood at the window looking out upon the sunlit snow-covered world.

"It just seems as if everything has been made over new by your coming here," she cried. "And a fine part of it is that uncle and aunt are really glad for me. I guess they are only queer folks—not selfish, after all!"

But it was when Nancy May reached home that afternoon that she realized that she too had made an important discovery—one which she needed to make.

"It's pretty shabby for a girl like me," she told herself; "with a nice home and a father and mother like mine to ever be fault-finding and grumbling about things—even if I did have to miss the bazaar and the entertainment."

The telephone rang—in fact, it rang twice before Nancy May noticed it and answered.

It was Dorothy Barker's voice that came over the wire.

"What a storm we had," Dorothy said. "It was so bad that we finally decided to postpone the bazaar until next week. You can come then, can't you?"

Nancy May smiled happily.

"I can," she cried. "And I've a new friend I'd like to bring with me."

### The Supper Call

BY MARJORIE DILLON.

THE time of day that's best of all  
Is when I hear my mother call,

"Come Bob and Bess and Davy!

Now wash your hands and stop your play,  
And come to supper right away—

I'm taking up the gravy!"

I tell you what, I never wait!

I want to see it on my plate,

And so do Bess and Davy;

On Biscuits,—yum! it hits the spot!

And oh, we eat an awful lot

Of mother's good milk gravy!

### Uncle Si's Sermon on "Falling Forwards"

BY HEWES LANCASTER

IT come to pass, honey, dat one day when de Lord God sat down on His throne to consider de earth, all de children on de green was playing "Chase de Slipper" and "Hide de Whip" and laughing and having a good time. De pretty sight so pleased de Lord God dat He lifted up His voice and spake unto de multitude saying:—

"Blessed am de little children dat plays peaceable and kind."

But lo and behold, befo' de Lord God had made an end of His speechifying de children begins to fuss. Some of 'em says:—

"You'se cheating." And some on 'em answers:—

"You'se saying what ain't so."

Dey went on dat-ar-way: from bad to worse twell presently dey was acting so ugly dat de Lord God turned His face away to keep from seeing such a sorry sight, and begins to search de earth for somepin pleasanter to rest his eye upon. And hit was den He spied a little boy way over yander all by hisself, traveling along a rough road.

Pears like hit was a turrible rough road dat little boy was traveling. He'd take a step or two and come down kerflump, take a step or two and come down kerflump. But every time he'd come down kerflump, he'd get up and bresh de dust off his clothes and go at it again. After de Loïd God had been setting for a spell watching de boy fall down kerflump and get up and go at it again and fall down kerflump again, He summoned His holy Angel and sent her over dar to see what all possessed dat boy.

De Angel flew low over de rough road and see how de boy was a-falling down and a-getting up and a-falling down but she could'n study out what ailed him. Dar warn't nothing onusual about him so far as de Angel could see 'cepting dat he looked a sight battered from falling down so much. He kept breshing off de dust but dat dust wouldn't all bresh off nohow. Hit was in his hair and on his face and hit mighty nigh kivered his clothes.

And it come to pass while de Angel was studying about de dust-kivered boy dat he come down kerflump so powerful hard de Angel was moved to compassion and asked him:—

"How come you'se traveling such a rough road, sonny?"

De boy got up and begin breshing off de dust:—

"Lady," says he, perlite and nice, "I'se traveling dis road 'cause hits de onliest road dat goes whar I'se gwine."

With dat, he took two steps and come down kerflump again.

De Angel holped him up and holped him bresh offen de dust.

"Sonny," says she, "don't dis-here falling down so much make you feel mighty sore."

De boy grinned, cheerful as a chip:—



"No'm" say he, "Falling down don't make me feel sore so long as I'se falling forward."

"How come," 'sclains de Angel, "hit don't make you feel sore when you falls forwards?"

"No'm" says de boy, "hit don't make me sore when I falls forward 'cause if a man keeps falling forwards he's jest naturally bound to get whar he's gwine."

And de Angel answering, said:—

"Dat's de gospel truth."

And honey, and sonny, I wants all on you to bear in mind de saying of dat dust-kivered boy. And every time you makes a mistake in yo' sums at school and has to spile out and begin again, just you grin cheerful like and say to yo' self:—

"I'se falling forwards."

You ain't got no call to mope over yo' mistakes, child. Hit's yo' mistakes dat learns you how to do yo' job. Set yo' face de way you wants to go and when you comes down kerflump all you'se got to do is to get up and bresh de dust off and go at it again. 'Cause as dat boy lowed to de Angel:—

"De man dat keeps falling forwards is jest naturally bound to get whar he's gwine."

## Tintype Tales

### 1. *Mehitable Melissa's Monkey.*

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.

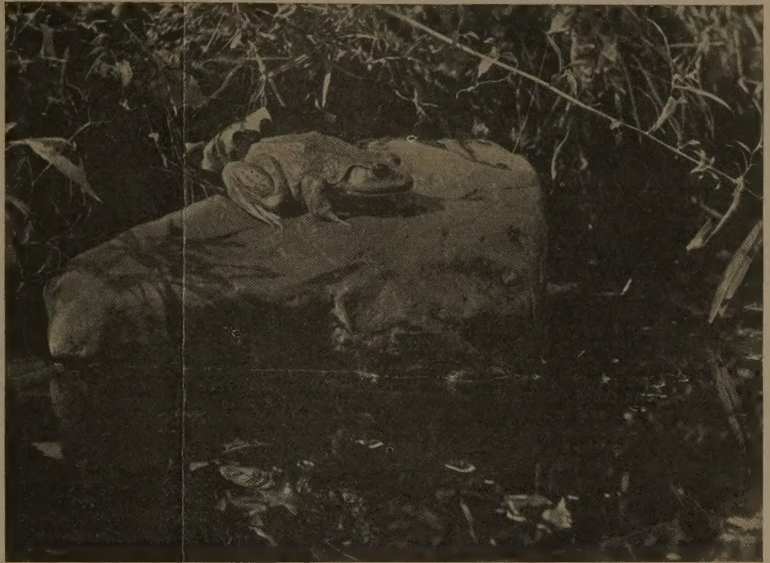
**L**ITTLE Mehitable Melissa owned a monkey. Her father, Captain Brainerd, had received it from a sailor who came along and wanted to stay over night. He left the monkey to pay for his night's lodging. Wattsford had no tavern then, you see, and the family in the big white house often put folks up for the night.

Melissa was lonely so she was rather glad to own the monkey. She thought it might be fun to own one. Abiathar Hayden, her brother, owned a black and white puppy. Also Abiathar Hayden was too big to play much with Mehitable Melissa who was only a girl. The Captain thought it would be amusing to have a monkey in the house; but Mrs. Brainerd did not, neither did Keziah in the kitchen.

The monkey was a hairy, long-tailed brown chap with a face that looked as if he had screwed it up and couldn't get it unscrewed to save his life. Mehitable named him Jocko, because she thought that the proper name for him.

Jocko was a lonely little monkey at first. He would creep into Mehitable's arms and cuddle down and whimper softly sometimes. He made friends with Rover, the puppy, and wanted to go wherever the family went. He did not like to be alone one instant. "A monkey is lots of company," said Mehitable Melissa. "Jocko isn't going to be a naughty, bad monkey. I just know he isn't."

The next day was Sunday. Captain Brainerd shut Jocko into the kitchen the last minute before they all started for



## The Truant

BY GEORGE W. TUTTLE.

**A** LITTLE boy truant played from school;

The old bullfrog in the wayside pool  
Rose on tiptoe, and drew in his breath,  
Then croaked, "Go home!" in voice like death.

The little boy, frightened, ran so fast—  
Neither foot was willing to be the last!

His cap fell off, but what was a cap  
To such a frightened little chap?

Goblins and ghosts and all such things,  
Why they only seemed to give him wings!

The old frog chuckled; "Excellent joke!  
I'll teach all those little truant folk!"

church. Then just as the choir rose to sing the anthem, Jocko dropped down through the skylight in the choir loft and pulled the tenor's hair so Mr. Mackenzie reached a higher note than usual. Then Jocko came down and found Mehitable Melissa. Poor little Mehitable Melissa with red, red cheeks! She had to get up and go out of church and carry Jocko home. Then Mehitable shut Jocko into the kitchen and—shut the pantry door which Abiathar had left open a crack when he sneaked in for a cookie at the last minute. The pantry window was open for coolness.

Before long Mrs. Brainerd and Keziah began to complain that all sorts of things disappeared from the house and that Jocko was a nuisance. Mehitable lost her thimble and her needlebook and her scissors and two spools of thread from her workbasket, then her sampler vanished, too. So Jocko was sentenced to live outdoors. They made him a little house like the dog's and gave him his liberty. Next Jocko began chasing the hens, catching them and pulling out their tail-feathers. Mehitable talked to him a long time about it but he kept right on doing it, so they had to put a light chain around his waist and tie him to a post of the grape-arbor by the backdoor.

Now since Jocko could not be happy chained to a pole, he did not mean that anyone else should be. Abiathar fed

Rover just at the edge of the grape-arbor, but poor Rover did not get his food sometimes. Down would come Jocko like lightning, seize the tidbit he desired and go up the post to eat it. Or if he could not get the food, Jocko would seize Rover's tail and pull and pull! Then Rover ki-yied and the children came flying. Mehitable Melissa talked to Jocko over and over again but it did no good. One day Rover was too quick for the monkey. Rover caught the monkey's long tail in his sharp teeth and bit the end off. Then it was Jocko that made the noise.

One day Mrs. Brainerd spilled something on her best gown, washed off the spot and spread the dress over a chair in the sun by the back door. Then she called Mehitable Melissa from her new sampler to come and watch the dress while it dried. The dress was black silk the Captain had brought home, silk that could nearly stand alone. But while Mrs. Brainerd was gone, Jocko had come down, picked up Rover's dish of potato and gravy, and poured the whole thing over the silk gown! He was rubbing the potato in as hard as he could when Mrs. Brainerd and Melissa hurried out.

Perhaps you can imagine how Mrs. Brainerd felt. "Jocko," warned Melissa, sadly, "If you keep on acting like this, you won't have a single friend in this whole world!"





## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

4 WORCESTER ST.,  
CLINTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: I go to the First Unitarian Church of Clinton. I am ten years old and I like to read *The Beacon*. There are six of us girls in the class and we are having a contest for attendance; one side is called "The Reds," the other "The Blues," and we are marked for attendance at church and Sunday-school and for deportment. We always come, unless we are sick, to church and Sunday-school. Mrs. Duncan is our teacher. I should like to become a member of "The Beacon Club."

Yours truly,

ROWENA WALKER.

17 UNION STREET,  
ELLSWORTH, ME.

Dear Miss Buck: I am twelve years old. I am in the seventh grade in the Grammar School. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mr. Jones. My day-school teacher's name is Miss Mullan. The

boys in my Sunday-school class are Allen Salisbury, Robert Royal, Robert Campbell, Sheldon Campbell, Ernest Ledwell, Newell Haynes and Charles Brown.

With love,  
RUSSELL CLARK.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck: I go to St. John's church. My teacher's name is Miss Giesy. Our minister's name is Rev. Mr. Eisenlohr. I began to go to this church November 12th so I have received *The Beacon* only two Sundays. I certainly enjoy reading it. I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade at Walnut Hills High School. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Lovingly yours,

HELEN SCHOEN.

405 WEST STAFFORD ST.,  
GERMANTOWN, PA.

Dear Miss Buck: I go to the Germantown Friend's School, and would like very much to join the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Church and I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like it very much. I like the "Hilltop Adventures" very much, too.

With love from,  
RALPH EARLE WISE.

### Church School News

THE Second Parish (Unitarian) Church of Worcester, Mass., has a fine school of 175 members. Its Superintendent is Miss Anna B. Carter, who is also the parish worker. On a report issued with the calendar for November 5th, the list of eighteen classes and teachers in the school with the books used by each is given, and the names of 6 substitute teachers. One remarkable feature of the printed report is a list of the names of 62 pupils in the school who had perfect attendance during the month of October.

Reports from Victoria, B. C., announce that the church school is increasing in size under the direction of its Superintendent, Mr. Rand. Mr. Rand was one of the students at the institute for religious education held in Berkeley last June. His school will certainly feel the effect of his careful preparation for this year's work.

The superintendent of the school of the Church of Our Father, Portland, Oregon, Mr. Walter Haynes, reports that the school has now introduced a system of grading, the pupils being given a monthly grade. The pupil in each class receiving the highest grade is called an honor pupil and his (or her) name is engrossed on an honor roll which is displayed in the Sunday-school room for the following month. He also reports that the school has chosen Janet Wentworth as *Beacon* reporter, her duty being to send a monthly letter giving Sunday-school news.

The first report received from this new reporter is as follows:

"The Church of Our Father, in Portland, Oregon, has quite a large school

which has been doing many interesting things. My class, which is composed of fifteen girls, has been much interested in visiting the children's orthopedic ward at one of our large hospitals and entertaining the children who are compelled to stay there. Many of the children stay there for many days and sometimes weeks, but every two weeks my class will visit them and try to cheer them with games, books and toys.

We are trying to increase our attendance so that we can do greater work and increase the membership of our various clubs."

Our school at Denver, Colorado, John H. Gabriel, superintendent, has voted to change its name from Unity Church Sunday-school to Unity Church School. Each class in the school has adopted for its name the name of a prominent Unitarian. This helps the children to remember and think about the various leaders of our faith. Each class is organized with a president, secretary and treasurer. The points gained by individual members of the school for attendance, punctuality, home work, church attendance, and bringing new pupils, are recorded on a class thermometer. The record is made by the class secretary with the assistance of the teacher. This school has forty-five minutes for the teaching of the lessons. Its devotional service is reported to be very impressive, although short. Pupils are showing much interest in church attendance and in securing new pupils for the school. There is a class of young men and women studying the Bible under the minister, Dr. Gilmour, and an adult class of thirty members led by Dr. Duren J. H. Ward.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XXVII

I am composed of 13 letters.  
My 3, 10, 2, 11, is something to sit on.  
My 7, 5, 12, is worn on the head.  
My 4, 8, 6, 6, 10, 13, 9, is what we try to win.  
My 1, 5, is what we sometimes call our mother.  
My whole is the State in which I live.

EDITH ANDERSON.

### ENIGMA XXVIII

I am composed of 16 letters.  
My 9, 13, 11, 6, 7, 8, is what was done in France during the World War.

My 12, 3, 4, 5, is a disease that old men suffer from.

My 1, 6, 16, is a nickname for sister.  
My 2, 4, 5, is what you do with a knife.  
My 10, 4, 5, is the opposite of in.  
My 15, 3, 7, 8, has length.  
My 14, 6, 5, is the name of a dye.  
My whole is the name of the handbook used by Girl Scouts.

M. H.

### AN EXAMINATION IN ARITHMETIC

1. 500 + an ancient boat equals without light.
2. 1,000 + help equals an unmarried woman.
3. 500 + uncooked equals to pull.
4. 50 + kind of tree equals part of a whip.
5. 50 + a finish equals to loan.
6. 100 + competent equals a heavy rope.
7. 1 + to scold equals angry.
8. 5 + frozen water equals wickedness.

FIRELIGHT.

### HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. Is San Francisco on the coast?
2. Annie is able to read well.
3. Is the cheese all gone?
4. Baby's bib is on the table.
5. The monk eyed the traveler sharply.
6. They made errors.
7. We shall go at ten o'clock.
8. Cedric owes me ten cents.
9. Shall I only get one?
10. He does all a man can do.

A. A. C.

### TWISTED RIVERS

1. Shduon.
2. Beunad.
3. Wkhaom.
4. Xyst.
5. Lein.
6. Eggans.
7. Oorncio.
8. Blmcoaiu.
9. Knaraswa.
10. Zamnoa.

L. D., S. G. and R. S.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 13

ENIGMA XXIII.—The sleep of the just is sweet.

ENIGMA XXIV.—Pride and Prejudice.  
CHARADE.—Postmark.

HIDDEN AUTOMOBILES.—1. Paterson. 2. Marmon. 3. Cleveland. 4. Roamer. 5. Winton. 6. Westcott. 7. Mitchell. 8. Franklin.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY  
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

299 Madison Ave., New York City  
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago  
612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscription, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in Boston, U. S. A., Old Colony Press